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MURDER & LAVATORIES

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There's knockers on Neptune
say astronomers

STING'S SEX SHOCKER!

Wife's head 'came off' during sex session

INSIDE THE BRAIN OF A KILLER

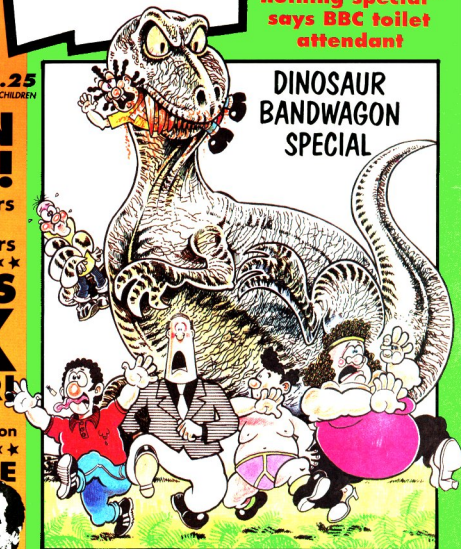


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a real-life murder!

"I've seen the
STARS' COCKS

and they're
nothing special"
says BBC toilet
attendant

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CrapuLISTS

COMPILED BY MITCHELL OLDROPE



ERM... GAME SET AND MATCHBOX. TEN THINGS THAT WOULDN'T FIT IN A MATCHBOX

- 1 An elephant
- 2 Big Ben
- 3 A taxi



- 4 My briefcase
- 5 A desk lamp
- 6 My typewriter
- 7 A mug of coffee
- 8 A telephone
- 9 A biro
- 10 My desk

HEAVENLY VOICES... TEN POP STARS WITH ANGELIC NAMES. OR NAMES THAT HAVE GOT SOMETHING TO DO WITH SPACE, ANYWAY

- 1 Peter GABRIEL
- 2 Ringo STARR
- 3 Keith MOON
- 4 Johnny MARr (S)
- 5 Bill Haley and the COMETS
- 6 erm...

FORGET IT. TEN STARS WHOSE NAMES ARE ALSO MODES OF TRANSPORT

- 1 Brian FERRY
- 2 LORRY Donnegan
- 3 Kate BUS
- 4 CARLY Simon
- 5 (CARA) VAN Morrison
- 6 TRAMMY Wynette
- 7 MORRISey (MINOR)
- 8 Eric BIKES (Sykes)
- 9 CARla Lane
- 10 Have I had Brian FERRY yet?

TEN THING TO DO ON SUNDAY MORNING THAT ARE MORE INTERESTING THAN READING MY CRAPPY PAGE IN THE NEWS OF THE WORLD MAGAZINE

- 1 Watching paint dry
- 2 Having a piss
- 3 Looking out of the window
- 4 Staring at the wall
- 5 Looking out the window again
- 6 Arranging matchsticks in a row, then measuring them
- 7 Picking at your fingernails
- 8 Waiting for the phone to ring



I SPY WITH MY LITTLE EYE... TEN THINGS I CAN SEE FROM MY DESK

- 1 My typewriter
- 2 The door
- 3 My jacket hanging on the door
- 4 The door handle
- 5 The carpet
- 6 My desk
- 7 A desk lamp
- 8 A mug of coffee
- 9 A biro
- 10 A large cheque from the News of the World



I'D GIVE HER ONE... TEN BIRDS WHAT I FANCY

- 1 Claudia Schieffer
- 2 Catherine Zeta Jones
- 3 Cheri Lunghi
- 4 Madonna in her book
- 5 Ulrika Johnsen
- 6 Felicity Kendall 20 years ago
- 7 Britt Eckland in the Wicker Man
- 8 Curvy Kathy Lloyd
- 9 Michelle Pfeiffer
- 10 That bird out of the Renault adverts who says "Papa"

TEN THINGS THAT ARE FUNNIER THAN MY CRAPPY PAGE IN THE NEWS OF THE WORLD MAGAZINE

- 1 Multiple dental extractions
- 2 Cancer
- 3 Fracturing your hip
- 4 Carla Lane's Bread
- 5 Piles
- 6 Burglars who steal everything then shit on your floor
- 7 Concussion
- 8 Nausea and vomiting
- 9 Sudden chest pain spreading to left arm
- 10 Seeing blood on your loo paper

THINK OF A NUMBER... TEN NUMBERS THAT ARE LESS THAN ELEVEN

- 1 One
- 2 Two
- 3 Three
- 4 Four
- 5 Five
- 6 Six
- 7 Seven
- 8 Eight
- 9 Nine
- 10 Ten

HELLO MUM... TEN PEOPLE WHO ACTUALLY READ MY PAGE IN SUNDAY MAGAZINE

- 1 My mum
- 2 Her next door neighbour



- 3 Me
- 4 erm...

WHAT SHALL I DO NOW... TEN THINGS FOR ME TO DO NEXT AFTER I'VE SPENT FIVE MINUTES WRITING THIS WEEK'S PAGE

- 1 Twiddle my thumbs
- 2 See what's on telly
- 3 Make a cup of tea
- 4 Fall asleep
- 5 Wake up later
- 6 Take that cheque to the bank
- 7 Look at stripey shirts in a catalogue
- 8 See if there's anything to eat in the fridge
- 9 Phone my mum
- 10 Go to the pub

New Neptune 'space breasts' theory divides astrologers

PLANET OF THE TITS

By our new Science Correspondent
CLODAGH RODGERS

Space men of the future could be in for a treat when they eventually set foot on the planet Neptune. For new evidence would seem to suggest that the planet's surface is completely covered in large women's breasts.

And rather than 'one small step for a man', it could be a case of 'lots of enormous knockers for everyone', as the first pictures of the planet appear to indicate giant bosoms the size of dustbins.

JUNK

So says amateur astrologer Cedric Herringbone, who has spent the last twenty years gazing into space through a telescope which he bought in a junk shop. "I have been monitoring Neptune for several months, and on a clear night you can just make out the giant tits, all wobbling about as the planet orbits the Sun."

"Of course Neptune is hundreds if not thousands



of miles away from the Sun, and so it is a lot colder than Earth. As a result the space nipples on the planet surface are all hard, and standing up. Like organ stops'.

DINGHY

But the science world has been slow to acknowledge Mr Herringbone's theory, and indeed there are some



space experts who disagree, among them baggy clothes, funny eye TV space boffin Patrick Moore.

CATAMARAN

"I have come across many such theories in my time, such as the Bell Ends of Pluto, and the famous Moon Fannies. But none of

these have ever been proven, and I tend to prefer the theory that planets are made out of space rock, with lots of craters on them, like in The Clangers'.

CANOE

Cedric Herringbone is no stranger to controversy. In 1989 he made headlines



Mr Herringbone (centre) with his powerful space telescope. Astronomer Moore (left) - he poo poos space tits. And the planet Neptune (above) as it appears to the human eye.

when the second hand bookshop he owns was raided, and several boxes of pornographic material were confiscated. On that occasion he received a formal caution after police officers discovered his telescope pointing into a neighbour's bathroom window.

LULU TO GET VISITOR CENTRE

The Queen is to open a new Lulu visitor centre in the autumn, built at a cost of over £250,000.

The centre, which is being jointly funded by Lulu and the Tourist Board, will provide much needed restaurant facilities, a picnic area, an information kiosk and toilets for the estimated 7,000 people who visit Lulu each year.

BARGE

A spokesman for Lulu said that the new centre would provide much needed facilities for fans who had previously had to simply ask for an autograph, make nervous small talk and then go home. "This development will make Lulu a world leader in terms of on-site facilities. And we hope by next year to be going ahead with a car parking scheme for Lulu that will cater for 35 cars".

KAYAK

Lulu is the first British star to open a purpose-built visitor centre, although a Craft Shop, selling woollen jumpers, pottery and ethnic

EXCLUSIVE

Free parking planned

jewellery was opened in 1979 at Michael Parkinson. This was extended at a cost of £14,000 in 1985 to include a small cafe with seating for 14.



Parkinson - Craft shop with small cafe

for 35 cars

Ambitious plans for a multi-million pound Trevor McDonald exhibition centre, hotel and conference facility, due for completion by 1996, have been shelved only days before construction work was due to begin at the popular newsreader.

FNARR

The scheme, which was to have included a 10,000 seat indoor arena, swimming pool and leisure club, was dropped in the light of speculation surrounding the future of ITN's flagship programme The News At Ten.



Billy the Fish

AFTER A DRAMATIC HUMAN CANNONBALL STUNT GOES BRISTOLWICK, WRONG, MICK NICHOLLS OUT OF SWIRLY RED IS LYING UNCONSCIOUS IN THE 200 AND ABOUT TO BE EATEN BY MONROSES. MEANWHILE - THE COUNT IS STILL AN TO DECIDE IF READERS HAVE SENT IN ENOUGH 2001 TO END THIS SERIAL FOR EVER.

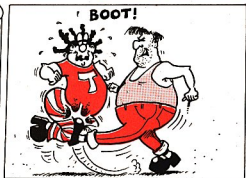
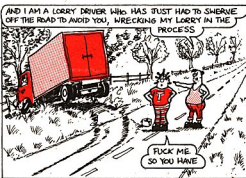


IS THIS THE LAST EPISODE? DON'T MISS THE NEXT EPISODE TO FIND OUT.

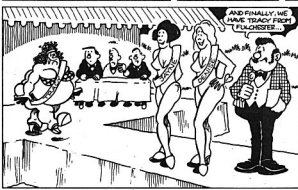
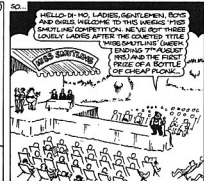
TERRY FUCKWITT

THAT'S ME!

The fuckwitted
cartoon
character



NA-AA-AA-AA!



LetterBox



Put these killers on ice

Starletter

The liberals complain that if we brought back hanging, innocent people could be wrongly executed. The solution is simple. After being hanged the bodies could be put in a fridge, like Walt Disney. If they were later found to be innocent, they could then be brought back to life, using electricity.

D. Marshall
Leytonstone

I was bitterly disappointed when Ford decided to name their new car the 'Mondeo', breaking with the popular trend of naming them after adult 'wank' mags, like Fiesta and Escort. I had hoped to see a new Ford Razzle, or a Ford Readers' Wives Bums Special

Stan Drews
St Andrews



It would be a nice gesture if millionaire TV presenters like Noel Edmonds offered to pay something towards the cost of the electricity which I use every week watching their programmes. Why should I be left to pick up the entire bill when I already fork out every year for a TV licence?

Mrs Edna Richards
Shoreditch

I must admit, since British Rail changed the colour of their trains and started referring to passengers as 'customers', I've completely forgotten what an abysmal and over priced service they provide.

T. Lock
Liverpool

LetterBox
Viz Commick
P.O. Box 1 PT
Newcastle upon Tyne
NE99 3PT

In reply to Mr F. Ish's letter (Viz 60), I for one vote for a picture of Catherine Zeta-Jones in a bra. Who wants to see a bloke kissing some scrubber's arse again. We watched the tory party do that for years.

Mike Crimlis
Southend

** It was a close run race, but Catherine just managed to pip the bloke kissing the bird's arse by the slimmest of margins - one vote to nil. So here she is.*



I will read with interest Mr Lomax's letter (Viz, this issue) regarding lager commercials. I personally am a fan of the clever Guinness adverts, with their challenging visual imagery, their air of illusion, and the maturity and mystique which actor Rutger Hauer provides. If I have one criticism it is that they fail to mention that Guinness turns your shit to treacle.

P. McMurphy
Derby

The page that has ten pints and a curry, then shits its pants.

I can't manage on my pension. I fought in two world wars and had an outside toilet etc.

Mrs R. Taylor
York

Holsten Piss off

If American actor Jeff Goldblum is really as clever as he appears to be in those commercials, why is he always drinking piss?

G. Lomax
Sudbury

'There's no substitute for the real thing', my husband said yesterday. He was the manager at a celebrity football match, and the popular seventies soul band had just limped off injured with all the subs already on the pitch. Do I win £5?

Mrs B. Liar
Berkshire

They do a great job

I'm sick of people putting down the Royals. They do a great job, and I for one don't mind paying £6 to look around one of their houses, despite having paid for the cunt already out of my taxes. If I have one criticism (which I don't) it is that perhaps some of the Royal family's enormous wealth could be spent on a toothbrush and some toothpaste for the Queen Mum.

E. Walker
Preston

The Government proposes to invest millions of pounds in complex electronic equipment to facilitate the automatic payment of tolls by drivers using our motorways. Would it not be cheaper and more practical to employ the system successfully operated on fairground dodgem cars for many years, and simply pay tattooed youths to clamber from one car to another demanding a cash payment from the driver.

E. Bainbridge
Walthamstow

They say that an area of rain forest equivalent to the size of Wales is dug up every day. If it's that easy, why don't they simply dig up Wales? I would only take a day, and in its place they could build a car park for people visiting Cheshire.

I. Alerstone
Nantwich

In reply to P. Oxley's request for a picture of a puffin (Viz, issue 60), here is a picture of a puffin.

Laura Pottinger
Hove, East Sussex



** Well done Laura, who pipped several other puffin spotters to the post. There's a crisp tenner on its way to you - unless the postman gets it first.*

I think the Maastricht treaty is a great idea. It's about time Britain started taking orders from randy foreigners who spit while they talk, don't pull their weight during world wars, sleep through half the working day and set fire to sheep.

Mr Z. Allors
Haringey

Hey! What about us?

It's all well and good for the medal grabbing soldiers out in Bosnia who get visits from Sam Fox, free phone calls home and free postage. But I've had to pay 24p to send this letter, and The Sun never bothers to send any fanny out here.

How about some letters and pictures from horny Viz readers instead. Preferably girls.

SPR Collier
Holdfast Camp RE
4 Sn BELIZE
BFPO 12

£1.25. It's a disgrace. Viz isn't as funny as it used to be, etc.

Peter Morgan
Stoke-on-Trent

** Many thanks for other similar letters we received. Unfortunately there is not room to print them all.*

On a sunny afternoon last week I was appalled to see young girls basking in bikinis in the park opposite my home. I am 72, and if I wanted to see that sort of filth I would go to a pornographic bookshop.

Mr D. Groves
Essex

How about a picture of Catherine Zeta-Jones kissing her own arse? I'd happily pay £2 for Viz if you could manage that.

John Kiddle
Truro

Get out of my way

You'd think that after 50 years of shopping some of these pensioners would have made their bloody minds up which way they are going, instead of dawdling around in a daze, changing direction every 2 yards.

L. J. Nelson
Stockton

The other day my wife asked me to remove a scary beetle from the bathroom mat. Imagine my surprise when I discovered it wasn't an inch long insect with ten legs but George Harrison wearing a Frankenstein mask.

Al Aska
St Ives

«TOP TIPS»

SAVE on charity donations by spending a pound on clothes in a charity shop, then selling them for 50p to another charity shop. This way you can give twice as much, at half the cost. I think.

Mr A. Parker
Notts.

FOOL next door into thinking you have more stairs than them by always banging your feet *twice* on each stair.

C. B.
Sedgfield

ALTER the temperature of your bath by alternately adding varying amounts of hot and cold water. But remember that their will always be an overlying downward trend in the temperature.

B. Yeats
Crawley

A LARGE sheet of polystyrene placed on your car roof and trimmed to shape makes an ideal 'all weather' snow covering with which to baffle fellow motorists.

Steve Murphy
Gloucester

AVOID peak hour congestion between Stirling and Glasgow at the A80 Auchinikilns roundabout by taking the A8011 through Cumbernauld and rejoining the A80 beyond this bottleneck.

G. Keddie
Glasgow

STUDENTS. Emphasise your 'individuality' by all wearing identical fucking ridiculous 'far out' clothes while talking loudly in pubs as if you're some kind of bloody authority on life despite the fact that you still haven't left school at the age of 21 and you can't handle your subsidised drink which, incidentally, I bastard well paid for out of my taxes, thank you very much.

E. Newton
Newton-le-Willows

MUMS. Slip small coloured plastic beads into your kids food so as to easily identify their stools at a later date, should the need to do so arise.

E. Reid
Ely

OLD contact lenses make ideal 'port holes' for small model boats.

F. Johnson
Seaham

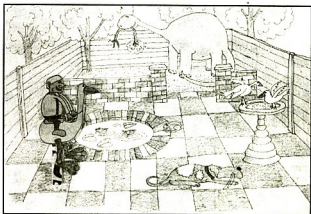
BATTENBURG cake, cut into 16 slices and arranged into a square, makes an ideal emergency chess board.

Graham Carter
Ashford, Middlesex

IF YOU feel someone is taking an unreasonable length of time to answer the phone, punish them by putting the receiver down the minute they eventually answer.

Ben Collins
Sunderland

Your dinosaur drawings are FANTOSAURUS-TASTIC!



In our last issue we asked readers to design a garden for the celebrity of their choice with dinosaurs in it, or something, and we were literally inundated with your entries. So much so that we can't really be bothered to look at them all in detail.

However we have chosen a winner. It was sent in by Will Adams of Bishop's Stortford, and is a garden designed especially for Bernie Clifton.

The garden features a pond, patio, bird table and steps down to an enclosed lawn with a brontosaurus on it eating a tree. Bernie is pictured in his garden, on his comedy ostrich.

Will collects first prize, whatever that was, and three lucky runners-up will each get a free Viz subscription. They are Michael and James of Huil, Will Shawcross of Matlock and Stephen Brown of Stockton.

STAR RECIPES

In our last issue we also asked you to come up with a recipe for eating your favourite stars. And we were literally inundated again with celebrity

cannibalism recipes. So much so that we've decided to publish them all in a Viz Celebrity Cannibalism Cookbook, at some point in the future.

Anyway, first prize – a night out with the stars in a top London restaurant – goes to Martin J. Burley of Hemel Hempstead for his mouth watering Vanessa Paradis in Beef Fricassee recipe.

CAN OF LAGER

Finally, we weren't quite literally inundated with entries to our quicky Pop Page competition. The prize of one can of lager goes to Mr A. P. Thomas of London. Perhaps he could share it with Mr Kenneth Baker of Reading, Berkshire, who was the only other person who entered.

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U.C. 2000 A.D.

While toilet technology has moved slowly forward during the twentieth century, our attitude towards 'the smallest room' has remained routed firmly in Victorian times.

However a revolution is set to take place in unsuspecting water closets all over Britain. And soon, our lavatories will be entering the computer age. Indeed, by the year 2000, the toilet as we know it, will be a thing of the past. Join us then, on a jour-

By our Toilets Editor
MIDGE URE
out of Ultravox

ney into the future. Come with us into the toilet of tomorrow. And see how technology is set to change our toilet habits for good.

THE SHAPE OF STOOLS TO COME

Looking at them, its pretty hard to believe that the Italians invented toilets. But they did, for it was of course the Romans who introduced lavatories to Britain. Prior to that, people simply had to go out of the window.

But the high technology toilet of the 21st Century would be unrecognisable to any Roman in search of the loo. Because to begin with, toilets will no longer be locked away in a quiet corner of the house, or banished to the back yard. Instead they will sit alongside settees, TVs and coffee tables in our living rooms. Or in the kitchen, next to the cooker.

Hygiene

That's because toilet hygiene will be a thing of the past. New healthy vegetarian diets, with plenty of fruit juice and nuts, will mean an end to smelly stools. Instead our bodies will produce odour free motions, similar in texture to Weetabix.

Goodbye Sam

Gone will be the uncertainty about how big our stool will be. Because advances in computer graphics will enable us to design each one ourselves using a mouse and a computer screen connected to our rectum. Not only will we dictate the exact size and shape, but we can even select the colour from a choice of over 500 alternatives.

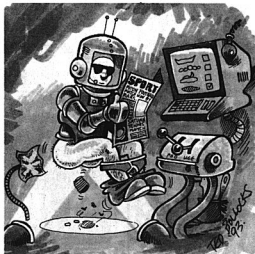
Hello Samantha

If you find toilet tissue in the bathroom in the year 2000, hold onto it. For it

will be a rare and valuable antique. Instead of slaving away wiping our bottoms with fragile strips of tissue paper, in the year 2000 one wipe with a futuristic sheet of silver foil will clean your cleft more thoroughly than you could ever have imagined. Space age winnits - small silver balls like you get on top of Christmas cakes - will disappear instantly. For silver foil loo paper will be coated with special chemicals that not only clean you bum, they'll also cure piles.

Folk

By the year 2000 the stench of urine will be nothing more than a fond memory shared by old folk. For instead of liquid, in the year 2000 we will piss tablets. Two yellow ones normally, or a pink one if we've been eating pickled beetroot.



The toilet of the future will look nothing like the cumbersome, old fashioned things we sit on today. There'll be no toilet seats to begin with. Instead hover rays will suspend our bottoms above a large circular light panel on the floor. Instead of farting, our bottoms will emit small glittering clouds of gas accompanied by dreamy music like on Star Trek. Our stools or piss pills will then appear on the panel below.

Morris

There'll be no chains to pull in the 21st Century toilet. Instead we'll pull up our trousers and walk over to a control console. By sliding one knob up and another one down, our ablations will be dematerialised, rematerialising seconds later at a sewage works on the moon.

Public toilets will benefit from new technology too. Special X-ray walls will mean no hiding places for dirty old men. And to prevent vandalism a special computer will monitor your bladder and your rectum, to make sure that only people who genuinely need the toilet are allowed in. Payment will also be handled by computer. Simply press your buttocks up against a panel by the door, and the toilet's computer will identify your unique bum print, and charge your visit to your credit card.

Coal

However, some things will never change. And in Harrods department store the faithful toilet attendant will still be there in the year 2000. But tipping him could

'Glittery farts and silver winnits'

Scientific stools glide out of a luxurious hovering bottom to be 'beamed' away to the Moon. Is this the toilet of tomorrow?

B-flat

Sadly, the advent of the space age lavatory will mean an end to one of Britain's best loved traditions. For 'toilet humour' has owed its popularity over the years to our childish obsession and prudish attitudes towards the lavatory. But in the year 2000 Britain's toilets will no longer be taboo. 'Adult humour' magazines will long since have gone to the wall, and words like 'hairy bollocks' will be part and parcel of the English language, no longer the source of any amusement.

BLASPHEMY!

A controversial author yesterday warned that his new book was set to make 'The Satanic Verses' look like a kids' fairy tale.

For Arthur Pilkington claims that in his first novel 'Devil Arse Spunk' God shags a chicken up the back passage. And he fears that it may result in a Salman Rushdie style fatwa being put on him by the Church of England. Indeed, he has already sent a copy to the Archbishop of Canterbury, and he fears the official announcement of a death

threat could be imminent.

"I'm not afraid of controversy", he told us yesterday speaking from a secret address where he has been in hiding for several days. "I have already written to Melvyn Bragg asking for his support, and I am trying to arrange a meeting with the Prime Minister so that I can bring attention to my plight."

Mr Pilkington hopes that his book will repeat the success of Salman Rushdie's highly controversial best seller, although as yet no publisher has been found. "At the minute there are a few spelling mistakes that need ironing out, and at seven pages it looks a little short. I'm thinking of adding a few bits about Jesus and farmyard animals to try and pad it out a little.

EXCLUSIVE

God sex chicken book set to cause a storm

Once I get it typed up properly publishers will be biting my hands off - you just see", he told us.

We rang controversial Christian Cliff Richard to try and obtain a quote that we could use out of context. However, the former singer, who changed his name from Harry Webb when he turned his back on a pop career in the seventies, wasn't in.

AND HIS EXPENSIVE AMAZING UNDERPANTS



JURASSIC PARK, TIPTON

**World's first
dinosaur zoo set
for West Midlands**

Plans are afoot to life 'Jurassic Park'
Property developer and former Councillor Hugo Guthrie unveiled his plans yesterday at a special press conference. And if his ambitious scheme gets the go ahead, dinosaurs could be returning to Tipton after a million year absence.

Blockbuster

Mr Guthrie admits that the idea came to him after seeing the blockbuster film 'Jurassic Park' at the cinema recently. "Mrs Guthrie and I were most impressed, but we believe Tipton can go one better than Hollywood and create the real thing, here in the West Midlands".

Ballroom Blitz

Experiments to recreate giant dinosaurs, extinct for millions of years, are already well advanced. "We hope that by crossing various existing animals with each other we can bypass the need for revolutionary advances in genetic science. For example, my wife has suggested that by crossing an ostrich with a tortoise and perhaps a frog we could achieve something not unakin to a dinosaur."

Wig Wam Bam

If all goes according to plan Tipton Jurassic Park will open its doors to the public

open the world's first multi-pound real at Tipton, in the West Midlands.



Hugo Guthrie (left) - the Tipton based visionary behind Jurassic Park, and one of his terrifying creations - a real life dinosaur - which he has bred specially in his garage.



this autumn. "I have already written to Sir David Attenborough who stars in the film, asking him to perform the opening ceremony". Mr Guthrie announced. A site has been chosen on derelict land adjacent to a garden centre belonging to Mr Guthrie's brother-in-law, and the first dinosaurs could be released there as soon as the area has been fenced.

Little Willie

Mr Guthrie's application for a real life dinosaur zoo goes before the town's planning committee next Thursday, and they are bound to weigh up the possible dangers associated with real life dinosaurs against the undoubted benefits to tourism that such a scheme would offer.

Residents in nearby Walsall have already expressed fears that escaped dinosaurs could pose an additional safety threat to children, on top on the menace already caused by joy riders.

Big Fanny

Last night Mr Guthrie was able to confirm rumours circulating among neighbours that one dinosaur has already been successfully created in a garage adjoining his home in Cedar Gardens. "I am pleased to say that Mrs Guthrie and I have succeeded in crossing a stuffed armadillo with a pine cone to get a small stegosaurus. We are having a few problems with the pine cone falling off at present, but hope to unveil it in the near future".

'CUNT' TAYLOR MUST HANG

An alcoholic sports writer and former third division footballer has called for the death penalty to be introduced for football managers after England's disappointing results in the World Cup qualifying matches.

And John Cobblers has offered to don a black cap and pull the lever himself, claiming that Taylor's family should also face the death penalty, along with anyone else who knows him.

COBBLERS

In a recent editorial Mr Cobblers likened Taylor to a woman's vagina after England's 2-1 defeat in a friendly with the United

States. Under a banner headline which read 'CUNT', Mr Taylor was pictured with a large hairy fanny instead of a nose, and a tampon in his mouth.

"England have not won a game in over two months", Mr Cobblers said yesterday. "The fact that we have not played one is irrelevant. We invented football, yet teams made up entirely of foreigners seem able to beat us at

along with his family

will. Taylor should hang, and so should his successor."

BOLLOCKS

Mr Cobblers caused a storm of controversy last month when he suggested England cricket captain Graham Gooch should be castrated following two test defeats at the hands of Australia. However, he later withdrew his remark and suggested that Mr Gooch should be crowned King of England after England drew the following game.

JURASSIC SHED

By our Gardens
& Outhouses
Correspondent
THE HUES
CORPORATION

Scientists in California believe they have discovered the 'missing link' between today's garden sheds, and the tree houses used by monkey's to keep bananas in.

Historians

shed light on

shed history

mystery

Fossil remains discovered in 'Dinosaur Valley', an area where hundreds of dinosaur bones have been discovered, appear to be those of a primitive cave man garden shed.

BRANCHES

Tests show that the structure, which was made of tree branches with large leaves on the roof, probably contained garden tools, although DNA testing has been inconclusive.

TRUNKS

For many years scientists have been baffled by the mystery of shed development, and a vital piece of the historical jigsaw puzzle has always eluded them. Until now the earliest shed

remains on record were those of a Roman shed, containing a bike and a lawn mower, found near the Roman fort of Vindolanda in Northumberland.

TUSKS

Modern sheds, which are made of wood, or aluminium, can be purchased for as little as £99, including erection. Wooden or metal sheds however are not to be confused with outhouses, the latter being of concrete, brick or stone construction.

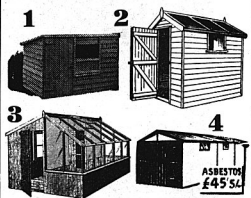
GOING FOR A SHED

With the late
ARTHUR NEGUS
O.B.E.



Think you know your sheds?

Well here's a little test for all you armchair shed experts at home. There are four sheds shown below, each from different eras in hut history. Can you date them all? Have a go, then check the answers below. I may be dead, but when is these shed?



Answers: 1. Pent Roof Hut of the early Larch Lap 4. Early Tudor prototype asbestos Garage, 1822. 2. Norman Flat Pitch Free Standing 3. Victorian Gothic 4. Early Tudor prototype asbestos Garage, 1822.

FATHER CHRISTMAS





THE LISA STANSFIELD 'INDECENT PROPOSAL' £1,000,000 SHAG TOMBOLA

According to reports overheard in the pub, whilst commenting on the recent Hollywood movie 'Indecent Proposal', pop singer Lisa Stansfield admitted that she would be prepared to have sex with a total stranger for a million pounds.

And so we're launching a special Lisa Stansfield Shag Tombola in which readers who send in a pound could end up winning a night in bed with Rochdale's favourite pop export.

MILLION

We want ONE MILLION readers to each cough up a quid in the misguided hope that they could have sex with the stunning songbird. Their names will go into a hat, and the winner will be drawn out by Miss Stansfield herself. He or she will then have sex with the lovely Lisa in return for the million pounds.

BILLION

Any who have to do give yourself the chance of winning the shag of a lifetime is send us a pound, together with your name written on a small piece of paper and folded up several times. Send your entries to Viz Lisa Stansfield Indecent Proposal £1,000,000 Shag Tombola, P.O. Box 1PT, Newcastle upon Tyne, NE99 1PT. Remember to



mark your envelopes 'Fingers crossed for me getting to shag Lisa Stansfield'.

The closing date for the competition is when we get a million pounds. If we don't get a million pounds, we'll offer whatever we do get to Lisa Stansfield and see how far she'll go. If we get less than twenty we'll just keep it.

Lisa Stansfield reserves the right not to have sex with the winner of this competition. Or with anyone else for that matter. Lisa Stansfield's decision will be final. No correspondence will be entered into.

SNATCH OF THE DAY

BBC Match of the Day presenters' plans for a well earned summer break have been dealt a cruel blow by heartless thieves.

Soccer pundits Jimmy Hill, Trevor Brooking, John Motson and Alan Hansen had planned to get away from it all during a quiet boating break on the Norfolk Broads.

TRILLION

But disaster struck when thieves broke into their boat and stole equipment including a fire extinguisher, life

jackets and a radio, the total haul valued at over £400. The TV football pals are said to be heartbroken and may even have to consider cancelling the trip.

ZILLION

A police spokesman said youngsters were probably responsible for the raid in which a padlock was forced and one window broken.



Barry Davies - he used to be a dentist. And that's true.

"The equipment taken would have little or no value to anyone else", he told us.

ADVERTISEMENT

Spend 4 hours being pampered and wearing a dress - just like a real Scotsman!

SCOTCH CHANGES

ENTER THE WONDERFUL WORLD OF SCOTCH-CHANGE and browse through a vast range of exclusive products, tartan clothing, Scotch interest mags, and shortbread.

A WHOLE NEW WORLD FOR SCOTCH-DRESSERS.

Our shops offer total discretion and sympathy without undue embarrassment. Not to mention a huge range of men's dresses, shiny buckled shoes, wobbly walking sticks and accordions. SCOTCH CHANGE-DAYS. The experience of a lifetime. Be a caber-tosser, a haggis-eater, a bagpipe-player, a drunk, or a short, bad-tempered ginger footballer. The choice is yours.

Send for free details of our confidential mail-order service for Scotch products. Write to: SCOTCH-CHANGE Ltd, P.O. Box 122, Manchester, Essex.

REALISE YOUR TRUE INNER SELF

BEAUTIFUL, CONVINCING SCOTCHNESS CAN NOW BE YOURS, WITHOUT SHAME OR EMBARRASSMENT.

NERVOUS? SHY? EMBARRASSED?

Don't worry. All our customers were the first time, but after a welcoming bowl of porridge and a friendly chat you'll soon feel at home and enjoy the Scotch change experience of a lifetime.

FREE

SCOTCH-DRESSING VIDEO (Lp 48-50) featuring KILTS, TAM O'SHANTERS, and GINGER SHOES.

Och Aye the Noo, I am braw interested in being Scotch for the day. Please send me details, Jimmy, Name Address

COP of the ANTARCTIC

WHEN THE POLICE HELICOPTER POLOYS BY, CONSTABLE MICKY CRAMFORD CRASHES INTO THE ANTARCTIC ICE. THE YOUNG POLICEMAN WAS RESCUED FROM THE ICE WATERS BY A FURIOUS ALBATROSS, WHICH NODDED HIM DOWN TO HEALTH.

NOW PC CRAMFORD LIVES IN A NEST ON A ROCKY OUTCROP HIGH ABOVE THE FROZEN POLAR WATERS.

PC CRAMFORD SWIFTLY PUNCHES A GONDOLIE TO THE GROUND, YOUNG WILMA.

WILMA GARGLED HER TONGUE GATEFULLY, AND THE POLICE OFFICER CONTINUED ON HIS PATH.

LOOKS LIKE ANOTHER QUIET DAY, LAD.

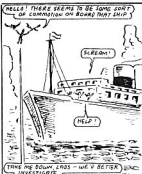
LEADS? (SILVER?)

IT'S SILVER! THE BODY WINKS - AND I THINK SHE'S BEEN HURT!

I WONDER HOW THAT HAPPENED.



THAT'S FINE, YOU UP, WILMA.



SCREAM!

TIME ME DOWN, LADS - WE'VE BETTER INVESTIGATE.



MURDER!

THANK GOODNESS YOU'RE HERE, OFFICER. I AM THE CAPTAIN OF THIS SHIP - AND I'D LIKE TO REPORT A MURDER!



WITH A PAIR OF HIS OWN SPECTACLES?



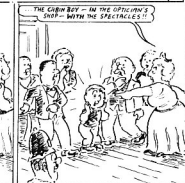
THE MURDERER MUST BE SOMEONE ON BOARD THIS SHIP. BUT WHO? WHO COULD HAVE DONE THIS?

I THINK I CAN ANSWER THAT QUESTION, PC CRAMFORD.



MY NAME IS LADY FRANKLINTH, AND I BELIEVE I KNOW THE IDENTITY OF THE KILLER.

THE MURDER WAS COMMITTED BY



THE CABIN BOY - IN THE OPTICIAN'S SHOP - WITH THE SPECTACLES!



YOU CLAIM THAT MICKY BROWN, THE CABIN BOY, MURDERED THE OPTICIAN?

WHY DO YOU THINK THAT, LADY FRANKLINTH?



SIMPLE. LOOK AT HIM - HE'S CLEARLY THE CRIMINAL. I'VE HEY GUY A SORT OF SHUFFY LOOK ON HIS FACE. OH YES, I RECKON HE'S PROBABLY THE ONE WHO DID IT.

IN FACT, I'M CERTAIN OF IT. HE'S THE MURDERER, MICKY BROWN, THE CABIN BOY!



WHY THAT SOUNDS PRETTY CONCLUSIVE TO ME. WHAT HAVE YOU GOT TO SAY FOR YOURSELF, MICKY?

OH BUT I'M INNOCENT, CAPTAIN. I DIDN'T DO IT!



THAT'S ENOUGH! I'M SORRY TO HAVE TO DO THIS, MICKY...

BUT BY THE POWERS VESTED IN ME, AS CAPTAIN OF THIS SHIP, I HAVE THE AUTHORITY OF MURDERING THE OPTICIAN, AND SENTENCE YOU TO BE HANGED BY THE NECK UNTIL YOU ARE DEAD, AT LUNCHEON TIME TODAY.



THE PROTESTING YOUNGSTER WAS PUT IN CHAINS, TO AWAIT HIS EXECUTION.

LOOKS LIKE THE MYSTERY IS SOLVED, PC CRAMFORD.

I SUPPOSE SO, CAPTAIN.



SHORTLY AFTER THAT THE SHIP'S OPTICIAN IS DEAD, BETERIORATING.

I SAME HEAR, I'M FINDING IT INCREASINGLY DIFFICULT TO SEE.



ROLL UP! ROLL UP! BUY YOUR CANDLES HERE.

CANDLES 500 EACH

IDEAL FOR HELPING YOU TO SEE THINGS MORE CLEARLY.



THAT'S BETTER. I CAN SEE WHERE I'M GOING NOW.

CANDLES 500 EACH

NO THANK YOU, LADY FRANKLINTH - I'VE GOTTER BE MOVING ALONG.

FLYING THROUGH THE AIR, PC CARLWORTH MOVED OVER THE CASE OF THE OFFICIAN'S MURDER



THE EVIDENCE CERTAINLY POINTS TO MICKEY BROWN AS BEING THE MURDERER - AND YET MY POLICEMAN'S INTUITION TELLS ME THAT HE IS INNOCENT

THERE'S WILMA THE BARY WHALE AROUND



LET'S SEE HOW SHE'S GETTING ON

BARBICUT! ANOTHER CHUNK OF BLUBBER HAS BEEN GOUGED OUT OF HER BACK; HOW STRANGE



WE'D BETTER PATCH YOU UP AGAIN, GULM

PRIVATE, THAT SHOULD DO THE TRICK



HERE I WANT THIS SOMEBODY HAS DROPPED A CONTAINER - JIMMY - JIMMY - JIMMY - JIMMY



THIS MUST BE LADY FARNWORTH'S CONTACT LENS



COME ON LAND - LET'S RETURN TO THE SHIP



IF IT WASN'T FOR THE CANDLE WHEN I BOUGHT FROM LADY FARNWORTH, I WOULDN'T BE ABLE TO SEE A THING



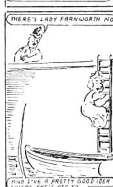
I HAVE A HUNCH THAT HE IS INNOCENT, AND THAT THE REAL MURDERER IS LADY FARNWORTH



UNLESS YOU CAN PROVIDE ANY SOLID PROOF, MICKEY BROWN WILL BE HUNG - IN PRECISELY THIRTY SECONDS TIME!



I'M SURE PC CARLWORTH - BUT IF YOU CAN'T - JIMMY - JIMMY - JIMMY - JIMMY



AND I'VE A PRETTY GOOD IDEA WHERE SHE'S OFF TO



EXCELLENT! HERE'S THAT BABY WHALE, NOW WHERE MY PICK - AAG?



LADY FARNWORTH HAS BEEN MAKING THE OIL EXTRACTED FROM GULM'S BLUBBER INTO CANDLES - THEN SELLING THEM ON THE SHIP AT A HUGE PROFIT!



JUST AS I SUSPECTED



THE GAME'S UP, YOU LADYSHIP



ON NO, I'VE BEEN RUMBLER



THEY'RE FOUR PROOF, CAPTAIN - IT LEAVES NO DOUBT SHE'S OFF TO



WITH NO ONE ON THE SHIP TO TEST PEOPLE'S EYESIGHT AND SELL THEM SPECTACLES, EVERYONE HAD TO BUY HER CANDLES IN ORDER TO BE ABLE TO SEE CLEARLY



AND BY CLAIMING THAT I WAS THE KILLER, SHE DIVERTED SUSPICION AWAY FROM HERSELF



BUT YOUR LASTSHIP, WHY WOULD YOU, A WEALTHY MEMBER OF THE ANTI-SLAVE RESORT TO MURDER FOR FINANCIAL GAIN?



AND I'M VERY SURE THAT I KILLED THE OFFICIAN



YOU DON'T UNDERSTAND! DESPITE THE FACT THAT I GAVE MOST AMOUNTS OF PROPERTY, LAND AND ANTIQUE FURNISHINGS, I HAVEN'T ACTUALLY GOT QUITE AS MUCH MONEY AS MOST PEOPLE PROBABLY THINK



VERY WELL IF YOU PROMISE NOT TO COMMIT MURDER AGAIN WE'LL FORGET ALL ABOUT THIS INCIDENT



WHO ARE WE GOING TO EXECUTE INSTEAD OF LADY FARNWORTH?



I THINK I HAVE AN IDEA, PC CARLWORTH



MURDERING SEEMS!



FUCKING WHALES! HANDING'S TOO GOOD FOR THEM!

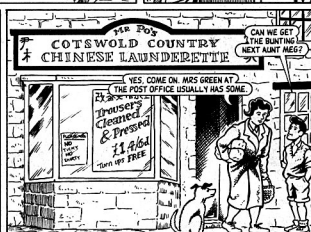


AND SO ANOTHER DAY ENDED, AND FINALLY, LADY FARNWORTH WAS BY HER MURDER, THE COP OF THE ANTRACTIC

Jack Black and the CHINESE BUNTING MYSTERY



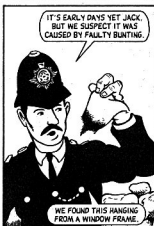
Jack Black and his dog Silver had gone to stay with Jack's Aunt Meg at her idyllic country cottage in the Cotswolds.



Bright and early the next day Jack, Meg and Silver headed for the orphanage...



A constable greeted them at the gate...



Presently...



INSIDE THE BRAIN OF A KILLER



By our Crime Reporter GREGG BAKERY

Michael Sams brain, if we saw it in daylight, would not look unlike a cauliflower. But instead of being green, it would be pink, with some grey bits.

Michael Sams' brain is important, because it is the special place where messages from all over his body are received. A network of nerves runs around our bodies, like a system of roads, carrying signals back and forth, to and from the brain. These travel up the spine, through Michael Sams' neck, and into his brain.

brain. It was the evil killers' eyes which he used to see his victims with, and it was the same two eyes which he used when he swooped to collect the ransom money for kidnab victim Stephanie Slater.

COTTAGE

The money was left on a railway bridge by police. Sams would have pointed his eyes at the money in order to see it. An image of the money would then have been focused onto his retina, in the same way that holiday slides are projected onto a slide screen. From the retina at the back of the eye, an optic nerve conveys these pictures into the evil brain of killer Sams.

In a split second, another message is on its way from

Killer kidnapper Michael Sams is destined to go down in history as the one legged train spotting murderer, who kidnapped and killed terrified estate agents.

But what evil force can turn a three times married former merchant seaman and moped enthusiast, into Britain's most notorious murderer for at least a year? What goes on inside the mind of a former long distance runner with an IQ of 138 that

makes him kidnab, wrongfully imprison and kill?

Here, exclusively, we take you inside the brain of Michael Sams to provide a revealing insight into the mind of a murderer.

CAULIFLOWER

Unlike a cauliflower, the middle of Michael Sams' brain is made up of millions of cells which he uses to think. It was here, in the middle of Sams' brain, that he hatched his evil plot to kidnab estate agents.

KNOB

Michael Sams' eyes are in constant contact with his

inside the brain cells, through the bodies' nervous system, to the killers one remaining leg. That message is short and simple. 'Walk towards the money'

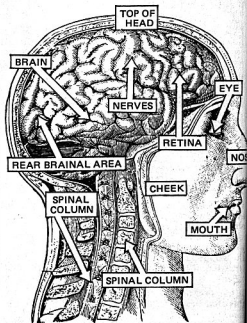
FILCH

As well as thinking, the brain is also busy co-ordinating Sams movements. It arranges for him to bend down when he reaches the cash which is littering the ground in silver bundles. Sams' busy brain then tells the evil killer to pick up the money with his hands.

As he rode home on his moped, Sams would have used his brain to work out the best route to take, when to slow down, turn corners,

and stop, etc. Without his brain - the control centre of his evil body - he could never have carried out his kidnab plot.

What makes a killer tick?



A cross section through a brain similar to that inside the head of evil one legged kidnab killer Sams.

Killer in the corner shop

LIKE OTHER notorious killers before him, including Dennis Neilsen and 'Yorkshire Ripper' Peter Sutcliffe, Michael Sams would have quite frequently used a corner shop to buy food and other groceries.

And other shoppers would be unaware of the kidnapper in their midst.

Corner shops have traditionally been a part of British life for many years, although recently their future has been threatened by the increasing popularity of larger supermarkets and out of town hypermarkets.

Supermarket

Large retail supermarket chains are able to offer groceries at cheaper prices because of their bulk wholesale buying, and

often provide a wider choice of goods. They also offer free car parking.

Okaybazaar

However corner shops survive, as it is often more convenient to nip to a nearby store for essential items than it is to travel to a hypermarket. By staying open late at night, and opening on Sundays, corner shops win extra customers. However shoppers who use their local convenience store, including killers such as Michael Sams, will notice that produce is often more expensive than in larger supermarkets.

This is because a small business such as a corner shop pays higher prices for its stock, and must maintain sufficient profit margin to cover its overheads.

I READ ABOUT EVIL SAMS

Says the model he never met

Shapely Cindy Sidebottom has a figure that would drive men crazy. Her adorable assets have turned many a head as the sexy 19-year-old heads for modelling assignments in her home town of Yeovil.

CINDY

Yet Cindy, 21, never met the killer Michael Sams, who now begins a life prison sentence in a lonely cell many miles from Cindy's one bedroom flat. And Michael Sams, whose crimes appalled an entire nation, has never heard of her.

BARBIE

But Cindy was never the less brave enough to take off her clothes and pose for nude photographs, in return for £250.

"I read all about Sams in the newspapers", said Cindy, a stunning brunette whose



hobbies include listening to music. "I think it was wrong what he did - killing that woman and that."

LIVING

Cindy hopes to put the memories of Sams evil kidnapping, and of the brutal murder of Julie Dart behind her, and go on to build herself a career as a top

model. But it is hard. And the memories are never far away.

CRYING

"He had a wooden leg didn't he? That's right. I remember now. It was in the papers", she said, her frail voice faltering as she slowly put her clothes back on.

Just an ordinary looking trainspotter

There was nothing remarkable about the one legged 51-year-old train spotter standing at the end of the railway platform. As far as station staff or passengers were concerned, he was just another sick-in-the-head trainspotter, obsessed with collecting numbers in little books.

WALKING

But this trainspotter was called Sams. Michael Sams. And he had another hobby - Kidnapping and murder.

SLEEPING

Trainspotting as a hobby has been popular among children - particularly boys - for over a century, and was at its peak during the days of steam.

Each engine is identified by a unique number which it has written on its cab side. The purpose of train spotting is to see as many locomotives as possible. Train spotters carry a special book in which the numbers of all



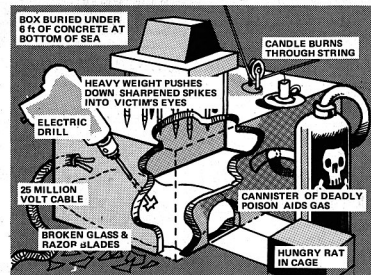
A typical trainspotter spots a train - and a young boy who is also spotting it, yesterday.

the locomotives are listed, and they use this to tick each one off once it has been spotted. This is called 'copping' a locomotive.

TALKING

Famous train spotters include TV funny man Michael Palin, and former Olympic athlete Tessa Wyatt.

TOMB OF TERROR



THIS IS a sketch of the 'box' in which evil kidnapper Sams held captive attractive estate agent Stephanie Slater, as it was imagined by a graphic artist who had no knowledge whatsoever of the shape, size, dimensions or construction of the actual box used by the killer.

It was in a box absolutely nothing like this that brave Stephanie spent quite some time awaiting her eventual release, every second spent in fear of her very life, never knowing whether the box would become her execution chamber, her coffin... or her tomb.

Boxes have been used by criminals for centuries. It was in a box that 'Yorkshire Ripper' mass murderer Peter Sutcliffe kept his packed lunches, prepared for him by his then wife Sonia. And it was in a box that the bloke who lived in Rillington Place, who murdered John Hurt in the film, kept matches which he used to light fires.

Ironically, it was in a box that Sams himself kept tools in his workshop. The same workshop in which estate agent Stephanie Slater was held captive... in a box. A box which killer Michael Sams had made with those very same tools. Probably.

I SCREWED MY WIFE'S HEAD OFF -says Sting

Pop star Sting once had sex with his wife so much that her head came off.

Sting - real name Gordon Sting - speaking in an interview with *Women's Things* magazine, told how after having sex for several weeks non-stop, his wife's head flew off.

glass and there was smoke coming out of her ears, and she was still smiling for ten months afterwards. That's how good at sex I am".

BLACK MAGIC

But according to the article, the record for stars having sex goes to Hollywood couple Don Johnson and Melanie Griffiths. According to the Miami Vice star, on their honeymoon night the couple had sex an amazing ten million times.

MILK TRAY

A top sex expert we spoke to yesterday confirmed that stars like Sting are better at having sex than ordinary people. "Stars like Sting are better at having sex than ordinary people", he told us yesterday.

INFLATABLE SEX

"One night we were doing it for three weeks non-stop. When she eventually reached orgasm it was so good her head just seemed to explode - quite literally. It flew through the bedroom window, and landed in my next door neighbour's greenhouse.

VOODOO

I had to go and ask him if I could have her head back. He wasn't very pleased, I can tell you. Her head had broken several panes of

SVEN TØMSEN IS AN ORDINARY COPENHAGEN SCHOOLBOY WITH A SATURDAY JOB AT THE DANISH BACON FACTORY.

... BUT UNKNOWN TO THE CITIZENS OF COPENHAGEN...

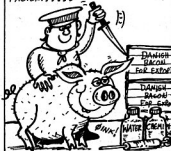
...SVEN TØMSEN

IS DANISH PLASTIC TOY BRICK BOY!!

SUMMONED BY THE MAYOR, THE LEGO TYPE LAD AND HIS FAITHFUL DOG "GELD" RUSH TO THE SCENE OF COPENHAGEN'S MOST INSIDIOUS CRIMES...

...NOT THE LITTLE MERMAID'S BRASTS AGAIN?!!

YES! THAT'S THE SIXTH TIME THEY'VE BEEN SAWN OFF! IT'S A DESPICABLE ACT. THE CITY JUST CANNOT AFFORD ANOTHER FAIR. THE EFFECT ON TOURISM WILL BE AWFUL!!



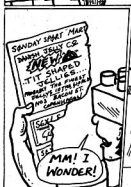
PEOPLE COME FROM ALL OVER THE WORLD TO LOOK AT HER AND THE ADVANTAGE OF OUR IDEAL PORN TO SEX WHO WOULD DO THIS ANYWAY!

... BUT ...

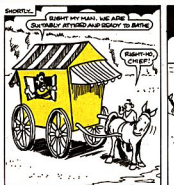
SUCH INGENUITY! CRAFTY REVENGE. A KIND OF BRICKS WITH GELD AS A COUNTERWEIGHT!

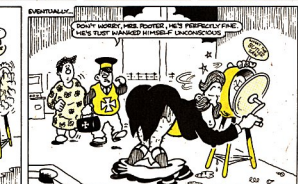
HOWEVER...

LATER, BACK ON THE INVESTIGATION



Victorian Dad





Thelma Bloggs presents

"Mummy. This lemonade tastes funny"



Doll shown
better than
actual quality.

Yours for only
£19.95*

TRULY REMARKABLE VALUE

Captured for all eternity, the harmful Cinnocence of childhood curiosity. Relive that unforgettable feeling of horror as your loved one takes their first drink of domestic bleach. Experience over and over, that eternal wait for the sound of the ambulance, and the flurry of desperate activity as they are rushed off to hospital.

Designed exclusively by leading artist Thelma Bloggs for Francis Drake Galleries Ltd, this loveable littleascal is crafted of fine moulded plastic. Her authentic toddler outfit is woven of top quality Taiwanese polyester.

In her uniquely life-like hands she grasps an exquisitely detailed bleach bottle, accurate in every way – because we bought it in a supermarket.

Each hand numbered doll comes with a correspondingly numbered certificate of authenticity, the value of which, over the years, is guaranteed never to exceed the value of the very paper upon which it was written. Evaluated against the Francis Drake Uniform Rating for Dolls Standards Index, Blah Blah Blah, this fine figure has achieved the ultimate grade – 'Absolute Bollocks'.

"Mummy. This lemonade tastes funny" could be tottering on your mantelpiece within 14 days in return for a payment of £19.95*. But hurry... this limited edition is exclusive to the Francis Drake Galleries, and is not available in any shop. To make a Preferential Order, simply complete and return the special order form, and send it to the address below. And don't forget the money.

PLEASE RESPOND BEFORE YOU SEE SENSE

"Mummy. This lemonade tastes funny" Preferential Order Form

Yes, here I go again. I haven't even got my Dambusters plate up on the wall yet and I'm already sending off for more of this shit. I enclose £19.95 in the mistaken belief that this is full and final payment for the crappy doll and empty bleach bottle. Had I bothered to read this small print, or had I been able to read it, I would have discovered that £19.95 is merely the first in a series of extortionate installments to which I am now committed. Indeed, there are a further 35 similar payments to be met over the next two years. Even if I had known this I would still have been unable to calculate the total. That's how thick I am.

Name

Address

Post code

Here's your money. There's plenty more where that came from. Please send me a doll, and flog my address to all the other mail order merchants while you're on.

Signed If there is any doubt remaining I am DEFINITELY a twatt (tick) ☐

Return to: The Francis Drake Galleries Ltd, The Railway Arches, Clapham.

20 THINGS YOU NEVER KNEW ABOUT... BEDS

We have sex on them, and breakfast in them. There's reds under them, and mattresses on top of them. Yes, love 'em or hate 'em, there's no getting away from 'em. Beds are here to stay.

So why not lie back with your head on the pillow and enjoy 20 fascinating facts you probably didn't know about beds.

1 Were it not for a print error on the sleeve of their first record, pop group Simply Red would have been called Simply Bed! For singer Mick Hucknall is mad about beds, so much so that as a child he used to lie in every morning.

2 A unique bed – one on which it is claimed Cliff Richard had sex – was sold at Sotherby's in 1981 for a record £31,000.



3 The biggest bed in the world is the Sea Bed, which is so big it doesn't have a mattress. Instead it is covered in soft sand, and is big enough to sleep over a million fish every night.

4 On the subject of sand, Sandy is a town in... you guessed it! Bedfordshire.

5 And so is Luton.

6 If you go to bed with someone, you don't necessarily share a bed with them for the night. Because going to bed with someone is a euphemism adopted by the younger generation, meaning to have sex.

7 So, for example, you could go to bed with someone on the sofa, or the kitchen table.

8 Or up against the side of a bus shelter.

9 In the Bible, Joseph and Mary didn't go to bed. They conceived the Baby Jesus immaculately, which means there was no jiggery pokery involved at all.

10 If you expect a bedsitter to look after your beds for you while you go to the pub, you'll be disappointed. Unlike a babysitter, a bedsitter is a cramped attic room in London containing a filthy mattress and a calor gas stove for which you pay £800 a week rent.

11 You could also be forgiven for thinking a bed pan is a kitchen vessel for the cooking and preparation of beds. But you'd be wrong. A bed pan is in fact a special potty for grown-ups which enables bed-ridden people (people with lots of beds) to go to the toilet without getting up.



12 John Lennon caused a storm of controversy in the sixties when he publicly went to bed with Yoko Ono in an Amsterdam hotel room.



13 And Paul McCartney surprised a few people when he decided to marry Linda.

14 Numerous pop stars have since got themselves into bed conundrums. "All I've got is a s-single bed", sang Noosha Fox in the seventies hit of the same name. Meanwhile, her pop counterpart Gordon Sting of The Police complained "The bed's too big without you".

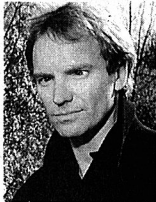
15 Life is not a bed of roses. However, opinion is divided as to whether it is a minestrone served up with parmesan cheese, a cold lasagne, or a bitch. And then you die.

16 A bed of nails is probably the world's most uncomfortable bed. For it is indeed a blanket of sharp protruding nails slept on by mystical snake charmer types.

17 And it's also the term used to describe any bed belonging to TV's top Geordie pop cop, singer turned actor turned singer again turned writer turned director turned producer, Jimmy Nails.

18 'Ole blue eyes himself, Frank Sinatra, refuses to sleep in the same bed twice. Instead he buys a new bed every day, and has the old one burnt in the morning.

19 A bed bath is not a special water bed which doubles as a bath. It's a popular male fantasy in which Joanne Whalley-Kilmer pulls you off whilst dressed in a nurse's uniform.



20 There are two types of bed bug. One is a microscopic insect which lives under your mattress and comes out at night to crawl up your arse. The other is a small listening device which is concealed beneath your bed on your wedding night so that your best man and his mates can listen in to the pathetic sound of you attempting to shag your wife after you've been drinking all day and then dancing all evening with your mother-in-law.

TRACTOR VACTOR

FOR THE LARGER CARPET

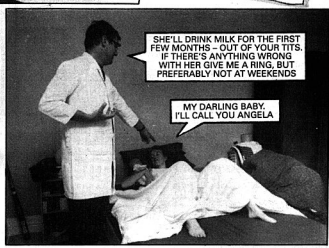
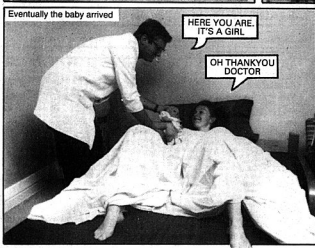
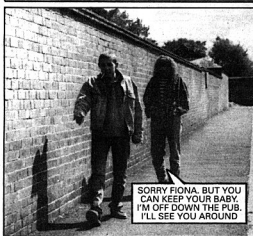
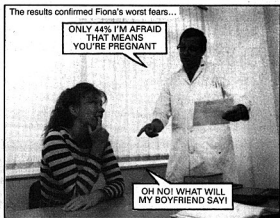
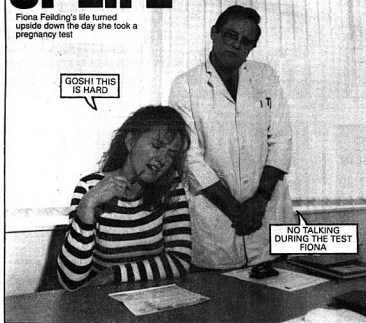


FROM
£11352
(plus £600)

The TRACTOR VACTOR Co. Ltd. Leam, Suffolk.

THE LESSON OF LIFE

Fiona Feilding's life turned upside down the day she took a pregnancy test



Eventually the baby arrived

As the child grew, she began to ask questions about her father



Fiona couldn't bear to tell the child the truth



Eventually as the years passed by, the excuses began to wear thin



I DON'T BELIEVE YOU! HOW COME I'VE NEVER MET HIM?



Fiona told the whole story from start to finish

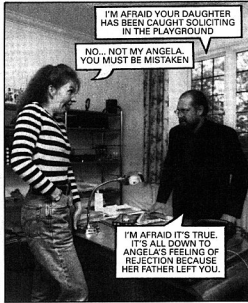


A few days later Fiona was called in to see the head at Angela's school

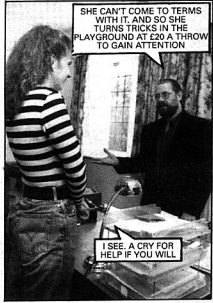


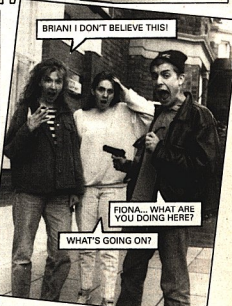
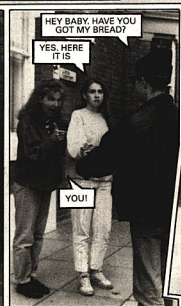
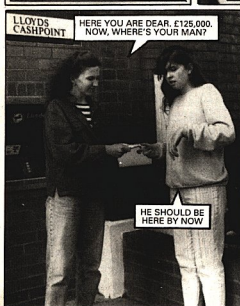
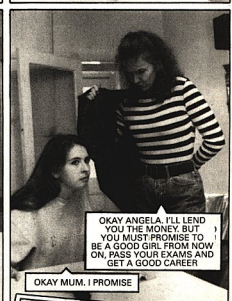
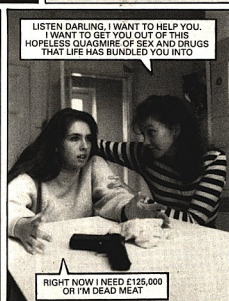
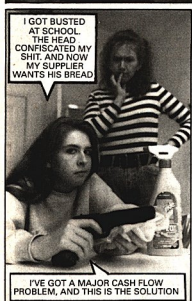
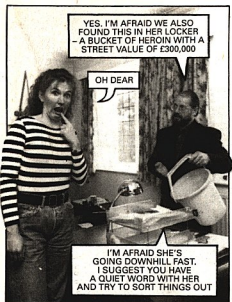
I'M AFRAID YOUR DAUGHTER HAS BEEN CAUGHT SOLICITING IN THE PLAYGROUND

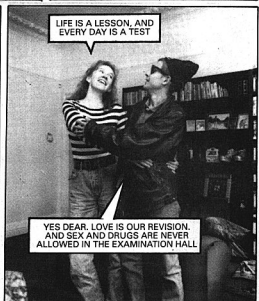
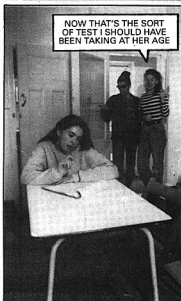
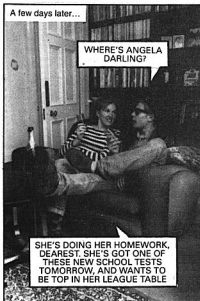
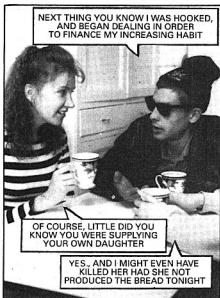
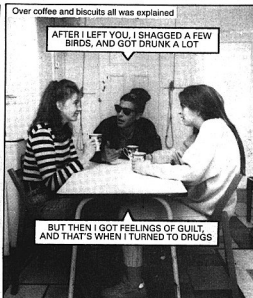
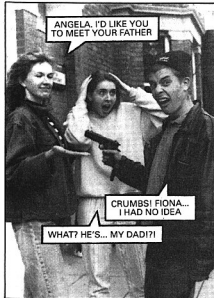
NO... NOT MY ANGELA. YOU MUST BE MISTAKEN



SHE CAN'T COME TO TERMS WITH IT. AND SO SHE TURNS TRICKS IN THE PLAYGROUND AT £20 A THROW TO GAIN ATTENTION







OH YES! I WAS JUST READING ABOUT THAT...THE CIVIL WAR THERE IS DESTROYING THE GOATS' NATURAL HABITAT AND BREEDING GROUNDS...THE WHOLE SPECIES IS THREATENED WITH EXTINCTION...



LATER...
RIGHT! WE'VE RAISED ENOUGH MONEY FOR OUR EXPEDITION...
EXPEDITION?
OF COURSE! WE'RE GOING TO GO TO KAFKASISTAN TO ENSURE THE GOATS' SURVIVAL.

DILBERT: YOU'VE COMPLETELY WRECKED THE CEASEFIRE! YOU'VE PUT THE PEACE PROCESS BACK BY MONTHS! I'M PUTTING YOU ON THE FIRST PLANE HOME!

CIVILIAN 1: DON'T YOU POINT THAT GUN AT ME, YOU FASCIST!

CIVILIAN 2: COME ON, TARQUIN! LET'S GO AND HAVE OUR TEA BEFORE HE TRIES TO GAS YOU!

CIVILIAN 3: WE REFUSE TO MOVE! WE'RE GOING TO SET UP A PEACE CAMP AND GOAT SANCTUARY...

Coverly

NEXT MORNING...

LOOK, GUINEVERE AND I ARE WEAVING A BIG RAINBOW-COLOURED RAFIA GOAT TO PRESENT TO THE KAFANISTANI GOVERNMENT WITH OUR PETITION... THAT'LL MAKE THEM TAKE SOME NOTICE OF THE ISSUE.

EXCELLENT! WHILE YOU'RE DOING THAT, TARQUIN AND I COULD DRIVE UP INTO THE MOUNTAINS TO PERSUADE THE LOCAL TRIBAL CHIEF, GENERAL MUSTAPHAFFAG, TO HAVE MORE RESPECT FOR THE GOATS' RIGHTS.

LATER...

WE SHOULD BE GETTING INTO THE TRIBE'S TERRITORY SOON, TARQUIN... IT'S A GOOD THING I'M WEARING MY ETHNIC TURBAN SO THAT THEY CAN SEE WE'VE GOT A REAL KNOWLEDGE OF THEIR CULTURE.

AH, SOME TRIBESMEN! NOW JUST LET ME CONSULT MY KAFANISTANI PHRASE BOOK...

HALT!!

سلام عليكم ما دايين
آمين بعددين
MUSTAFAFFAG

YOU COME WITH US TO OUR CAMP.

SHORTLY...

LOOK, TARQUIN, I'VE PREPARED MY SPEECH TO GENERAL MUSTAPHAFFAG: YOU SHOULD BE HAPPY TO GET THE MOUNTAIN GOATS BREED IN SPACE... YOU AND YOUR MEN MUSTN'T DISTURB THE NATURAL BALANCE OF THE EARTH... IF YOU ARE SELFISH AND WILL INHERIT A SPOILT AND BARREN ENVIRONMENT....

NOW I'M TRANSLATING IT INTO KAFANISTANI...

THE GENERAL, HE SEE YOU NOW...

...THE TRANSLATIONS A BIT TRICKY BUT I'M SURE I'LL BE UNDERSTOOD... ANYWAY, THEY'LL APPRECIATE MY EFFORTS TO COMMUNICATE IN THEIR OWN LANGUAGE...

سلام عليكم

GOOD MORNING... WELL, WHAT DO YOU WANT?

تسب لآن برون از حلوب ما گوشتش
شبه د س باران کردن
چسب آن بملر چاسند
بره سون بولر چشکند و د
برای این بولر چشکند

TRANSLATION: YOU ENJOY MATING WITH GOATS... YOU AND YOUR MEN PERSON UNNATURAL ACTS IN THE DESERT... AND YOUR SELFISH WICKEDNESS CHOSE YOUR CHILDREN TO BE BORN DEFORMED AND BARREN....

AH NOW, JUST LET ME TRANSLATE THAT REPLY... ISN'T THIS EXCITING, TARQUIN, OUR TWO CULTURES BEING ABLE TO HOLD A DEBATE IN SUCH A FRANK MANNER?

TRANSLATION: TAKE THIS VILE DOG AWAY AND HAVE HIM PLOGGED! THEN LOOK HIM UP AND THROW AWAY THE KEY!

HEY! LEAVE ME ALONE! LOOK, I'M NOT A WHITE IMPERIALIST, YOU KNOW! I UNDERSTAND THE TRAMMA YOUR CULTURE HAS BEEN THROUGH UNDER WESTERN DOMINATION AND I... AAARGH!!!

WHAT ABOUT THE BOY?

HMM... LEAVE HIM HERE... HE CAN LIVE WITH MY FAMILY...

2 MONTHS LATER, BACK IN BRITAIN...

EXPLOITATION-FREE
AFRICAN
CRAFT FAIR

FRIENDS OF MALCOLM AND TARQUIN

PLEASE SIGN OUR PETITION

T-SHIRTS
T-12

FREE THE KAFANISTANI HOSTAGES

...AND THE UNITED NATIONS COMMANDER WAS NO HELP AT ALL... HE ACTUALLY IMPLIED IT WAS MALCOLM'S FAULT FOR GETTING HIMSELF CAPTURED... AND THE FOREIGN OFFICE JUST DON'T WANT TO KNOW... OF COURSE, IT'S TARQUIN I'M REALLY WORRIED ABOUT... GOODNESS KNOWS WHAT THEY'RE DOING TO HIM!

HAVE SOME MORE ROAST MID, TARQUIN... THEN, THIS AFTERNOON, WE CAN GO AND DO SOME SHOOTING PRACTICE FROM MY NEW HELICOPTER.

MEGA!

John Fardell '93

THE ALL NEW FINBARR SAUNDERS 93

FOR WANT OF ANY BETTER LOT, MR GIMLET IS DRIVING FINBARR FISHING...



RIGHT THE LOOKS LIKE A GOOD SPOT TO SIT DOWN AND GET MY TACKLE OUT



WILL YOU UNFOLD THE PORTABLE STOOL?

FWARR! FWARR!

IF YOU OPEN THEIR LEGS REALLY WIDE IT ALL FITS IN! PLACES MUCH MORE EASILY.



AW! AW!

2c his own DOUBLE ENTENDRES

CORRECT USE OF THE FLOAT IS VERY IMPORTANT IN ORDER TO ATTRACT FISH. I LIKE TO DIP THE END IN A FEW TIMES TO GET THEM INTERESTED.



YUP! YUP!

KURK! KURK!

WOOF! WOOF!

YOU MUST ALSO KNOW WHAT TO DO WHEN A FISH BITES



WHEN YOUR ROD STARTS WOBBLING UP AND DOWN, GRASP IT FIRMLY...

...BUT DON'T TUG ON IT TOO HARD, OR IT MIGHT COME OFF.



A LOOK! ON YOUR HOOK! IT'S A SALMON. YOU'VE GOT A BIG ONE! IT'S LONG AND PINK WITH A PURPLE HEAD!



G-RAAP! G-RAAP!

HUSH! HUSH!

WELL DONE FINBARR. I DIDN'T EXPECT THAT A WHISKY TIE'D GOT TILL YOU PULLED IT OUT.



ENT!

HAAR! HAAR!

IT'S ALWAYS NICE TO HAVE A RELIABLE OLD FISH. HOLDING IT UP SO EVERYONE CAN SEE WHAT A MAGNIFICENT ONE IT IS.



SNINK! SNINK!

WHEN YOUR FISH COMES FISHING WITH ME AND I CHECK ONE, I SOMETIMES LET HER HOLD IT BEFORE I PUT IT BACK. MIND YOU, SOME WOMEN DON'T LIKE TO TOUCH THEM WHILE THEY'RE STILL SUPPER.



YUK! YUK!

I REMEMBER ONE COLD MORNING MY BEST MAMMOT HAD GOT ALL WIND AND LIFELESS. NO MATTER HOW MUCH I RUBBED IT IT JUST LAY THERE - ALL FLAT!



SO MRS. SAUNDERS POPPED IT IN HER MOUTH AND IT SOON LIVED UP! THEN SHE TOOK IT OUT AND TOSSED IT INTO THE WATER.

YOUR MOTHER ALWAYS LIKES TO EAT THE LARGEST FISH THAT WE CATCH. SHE'S GOT NO TIME FOR SIX-INCH TIDDLERS - BUT ANYTHING OVER YOUR POUNDS AND SHE'LL BE CACKING HER LIPS IN FRONT OF IT BEFORE BEDTIME.



FLAMP! FLAMP!

GLUCK! GLUCK!

IN FACT, I REMEMBER ONE ENORMOUS ONE SHE CAUGHT WHEN WE WENT TACKLING TROUT. SHE JUST PUT HER FINGERS UNDERNEATH IT AND RUBBED GENTLY. THEN - JUST BEFORE IT SHOT OFF - SHE GRABBED IT FIRMLY JUST BEHIND THE HEAD.



WE TOOK IT HOME TO FRY IT FOR SUPPER - BUT I WHIPPED IT OUT BEFORE IT HAD BEEN IN LONG ENOUGH. THERE WAS BATTER EVERYWHERE.



K-YAARP! K-YAARP!

WHOO! WHOO!

YAK! YAK! YAK!

MY FISHING GEARMENT CASE IS BROTHER SO I'VE BORROWED MR. SAUNDERS. UNFORTUNATELY SHE'S ALLOWED MY LIPS TO BECOME TANGLED WITH YOUR MOTHER. WE HERE TO UNDO MY FLIES WITH HER NUMBLE FINGERS.



PAW! PAW!

HO! HO!

NOW IT'S TIME TO DICK UP - AND I FEAR THAT THESE SPECIAL STONES I USE TO STUN THE FISH MAY ROLL INTO THE RIVER WHILE I ATTEMPT TO GRAB MY FISHING GEAR INTO THIS PORTAWHATEVER.



MRS. SAUNDERS ALWAYS LIKES TO HOLD ONTO MY ROCKS WHILE I'M REPEATEDLY TRYING TO STUFF MY TACKLE INTO HER BOX.



FWARR! FWARR!

HAAR! HAAR!

HI! HI! HI!

YOU! HOO! FINBARR! MR. GIMLET! YOU FORGOT YOUR SANDWICHES!



GREAT! YOUR MOTHER'S SANDWICHES PINK LUNCHES ALWAYS ATTRACT THE DUCKS.

ONE LOOK AT THE SIZE OF MY TACKET AND THE BIRDS COME FLOCKING AROUND.

SHORTLY...



YES I BET IT GAVE YOU QUITE A SHOCK.

I'VE HAD MR. GIMLET! IT'S ENOUGH! I CAN'T GET MY FINGERS ROUND IT!



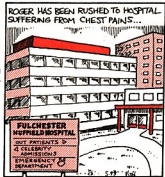
NOW RUB MY TITS.

ETC.

ROGER MELLIE



THE MAN ON THE TELLY



FULCHESTER HOSPITAL
NOT PATIENTS IN 45 GALLERY
ADMISSIONS DEPARTMENT



HI ROGER. HOW ARE YOU?

OH, HI TOM. I'M NOT TOO BAD.

BUT I HAVE FELT BETTER



WHAT ABOUT EXACTLY HAPPENED ROGER? YOU'VE GIVEN US ALL QUITE A SCARE

NOTHING LIKE THE SCARE I'VE HAD TOM! I THOUGHT I WAS A GONNAH! I THOUGHT THE OLD TICKER HAD RACKED IN ON ME

TO JUST HAD A BIG SLAP UP FRIED BREAKFAST ON SATURDAY AND I WAS ON MY WAY TO THE GOLF CLUB WHEN I STOPPED IN FOR A FEW PINTS OF LAGER AT MY LOCAL



SUDDENLY I GOT THIS TERRIBLE PAIN IN MY CHEST. MY LIFE FLASHED BEFORE MY EYES! I THOUGHT THAT WAS IT TOM!

THEY RUSHED ME STRAIGHT IN HERE FOR TESTS



SO WHAT DO THE DOCTORS THINK IT IS?

IS IT SOME SORT OF HEART TROUBLE?

NO, IT WAS WIND ACTUALLY. I LET OFF THIS MASSIVE FART IN THE AMBULANCE AND THE PAIN SIMPLY VANISHED!



OH... I SEE.

STANK A BIT MIND. I TOLD THE DOCTOR IT WAS PROBABLY A CURRY OR SOMETHING THAT HAD GOT STUCK, AND CAUSED SOME SORT OF AIR LOCK UP MY SHITTER



MMM... YES.

ANYWAY, I'M GLAD I WENT PRIVATE. THEY'RE LETTING ME STAY FOR A WEEK TO RECOVERATE, AT £400 A NIGHT.



SO YOU'RE IN GOOD HANDS THEN

NOT HALF! THESE PRIVATE NURSES ARE GASHING FOR IT! CASH THAT IS. I GET A BED BATH EVERY DAY, AND FOR TEN QUID EXTRA I GET A HAND JOB.

SO WHEN MIGHT WE SEE YOU BACK AT WORK ROGER?



I'M BACK ALREADY

I'M WORKING ON A NEW SHOW THAT'S BEEN INSPIRED BY THE TIME I'VE SPENT IN HOSPITAL. YOU'LL LOVE THIS ONE TOM!

IT'S CALLED 'THROUGH THE ARSEHOLE'



WHAT?!

TAKE IT FROM ME TOM. THIS WILL RUN AND RUN!

ALL WE NEED IS A LENGTH OF OPTIC FIBRE CABLE, THAT STUFF DOCTORS USE TO LOOK INSIDE YOUR TUBES. WE SHAKE IT UP A GALLETTIES JACKIE, AND HEY PRESTO! WE CAN FILM INSIDE THEIR ARSEHOLE!



OUR PANEL OF GUESTS THEN HAVE TO TRY AND GUESS WHOSE RINGPIECE THEY'RE LOOKING UP. IT'S BRILLIANT!!

ROGER! HAVE YOU LOST YOUR SENSES? 'THROUGH THE ARSEHOLE' INSIDE! THE I.B.A. WOULD NEVER ALLOW IT



OKAY, OKAY...

NO PROBLEM TOM. WE JUST JUGGLE THE FORMAT A LITTLE TO KEEP EVERYONE HAPPY. LET'S SEE...



GOT IT? WE CALL IT 'DIRTBOX JURY' AND EVERY WEEK WE FISH ABOUT UP SIX DIFFERENT STARK BACKSIDERS. THE JURY HAVE TO LOOK UP EACH BUM, AND CHOOSE THEIR FAVOURITE. THEN THE WINNER TAKES A BUCKET BEHIND A CURTAIN, AND WHILE HE'S THERE THE JURY HAVE TO DECIDE WHETHER IT'LL BE A SHIT OR A PISS!

I'LL TELL YOU WHAT TOM. THIS IS ONE FUCK OF AN IDEA! WE'RE TALKING PRIME TIME TELEVISION. THIS WILL PUT ME IN THE NOEL EDMONDS LEAGUE!



HE CAN STUFF HIS 'HOUSE PARTY' UP HIS FUCKING CRINKLEY ARSEHOLE! 'DIRTBOX JURY' WILL BE THE SHOW!!!

BUT ROGER, HOW MANY STARS FROM THE WONDERFUL WORLD OF LIGHT ENTERTAINMENT ARE GOING TO VOLUNTEER TO HAVE SOMETHING SHOWED UP THEIR ARSE AND... WRIGGLED AROUND... INSIDE... IT. MMMMM!

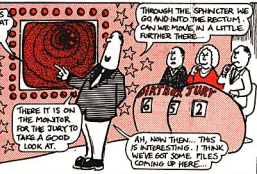


EXACTLY!

A FEW WEEKS LATER 'DIRTBOX JURY' IS LIVE ON THE AIR...



AND NOW LET'S TAKE A LOOK AT DIRTBOX NUMBER SIX



THERE IT IS ON THE MONITOR. FOR THE JURY TO TAKE A GOOD LOOK AT.

THROUGH THE SPINCTER WE GO AND INTO THE RECTUM. CAN WE MAKE IN A LITTLE FURTHER THERE...

AH, NOW THEN... THIS IS INTERESTING. I THINK WE'VE GOT SOME FILES COMING UP HERE...

ROGER WAS RIGHT! THE SHOW IS INCREDIBLY POPULAR! WE'VE ALREADY RECEIVED OVER 500 LETTERS - NOT FROM VIEWERS, BUT FROM STARS DESPERATE TO GET THEIR ARSES ON THE SHOW!



TRICERATOPS OF THE POPS!

We've got a monster top ten for Viz pop pickers, with lots of references to dinosaurs in it.

And you'll be pleased to hear that we've got enough free hi-fi to be going with for now, so there'll be no references to Richer Sounds on this week's page. Just dinosaurs.



One man who certainly isn't a dinosaur is Archie Brown.



His brain is much, much bigger than a walnut, and he doesn't eat trees. Archie has knocked himself off the top slot, his single replacing his album which had been number one for a record 16 weeks. Archie's album 'Young Bucks In Fancy Shirts' received rave reviews in the pop press recently, and was nominated 'Album of the Year' by 'Exposed' magazine. It's on the House of Viz label, available from most record shops.



Island Records have a lot in common with dinosaurs. For instance, they're quite big. Anyway, last month they released a record which we hope will be a monster hit.

It's by a host of stars who've all got together to solve the Northern Ireland problem. And what better way to do it than with an album entitled 'Peace Together'. It features artists as diverse as Peter Gabriel. And there's also contributions from Ian Dury, Sinead O'Connor, Nanci Griffith, U2, Lou Reed, Carter USM, Blur, Pop Will Eat Itself and Rolf Harris, all performing songs chosen for their specific relevance to Northern Ireland and the trauma of confrontation. Tracks include 'Two Little Boys'.



Archie-opterix is number one-osaurus

All proceeds from sales of the record will be invested in the Peach Together Trust, a fund to benefit the youth of Northern Ireland.



The band at No. 3 are from Manchester, so they must be good. They're called Desperate Dance and anyone who's desperate to buy their record can do so from Virgin, HMV and Eastern Bloc in Manchester, or from Wiseguy Management (priced £11.75 incl. P&P) at P.O. Box 63, Prestwich, Manchester M25 7BW.

Parsons & Naylor sound like a crappy band, but they're not. They're a comedy double act desperate to plug their forthcoming Edinburgh Festival appearance at the Gilded Balloon's Stepping Stone Theatre. They sent us £42.17 plus a Wurzel's LP, so we are only too happy to oblige. Sag & Gonz are another pair of bloody comedians. Their tape is a new entry at No. 5. It's 40 minutes of original songs and



'Look - a rany comedy record' say Parsons and Naylor (left). While Andrew Tait has a bad case of the Dr. Crabbes (below)



Rolf (left) - 'Two Little Boys'. And two slightly bigger boys Sag & Gonz (above) display two big comedy hats.

sketches, costing £5 from them at: P.O. Box 47, St Leonards, East Sussex, TN38 0AQ.



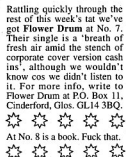
Getting back to our dinosaur theme, Andrew Tait at No. 6 is something of a dinosaur in Top Ten terms, having been around for a long time. But he's not extinct, and as if to prove it he's written an opera. It will receive its first ever performance at Bulmershe College Of Higher Education, Woodlands Road, Reading, Berkshire on Friday August 13th. The New Basingstoke Orchestra and Chorus will be conducted by John Spurgeon, and the title role of 'Doctor Crabbe' will be sung by Andrew himself. Discounts will be available on the door to Viz readers who arrive in dinosaur costume.

Viz Jurassic Top Ten

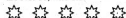
1	ARCHIE BROWN <i>Forever Inside Your Arms</i>	£75.00
2	PEACE TOGETHER <i>The Album</i>	<i>It's for charity</i>
3	DESPERATE DANCE <i>Songs from the Priests Retreat</i>	£70.00
4	PARSONS & NAYLOR <i>Wurzels LP</i>	£42.17
5	SAG & GONZ <i>The Ponces of Pop</i>	£40.00
6	ANDREW TAIT <i>The Delusions of Doctor Crabbe</i>	£31.99
7	FLOWER DRUM <i>World Turned Upside Down</i>	£15.03
8	ALWYNE KENNEDY <i>Prospero's Lass</i>	£10.25
9	RON & THE RUDE BOYS <i>Very Rude Pub Songs</i>	£8.20
10	COFFEE CUP SLUDGE <i>Sexy</i>	£4.67



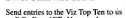
Had he sent us any money Harry Palmer, the Newcastle United fan who plays guitar, sings and fancies Patsy



Rattling quickly through the rest of this week's tat we've got Flower Drum at No. 7. Their single is a 'breath of fresh air amid the stench of corporate cover version cash ins', although we wouldn't know cos we didn't listen to it. For more info, write to Flower Drum at P.O. Box 11, Cinderford, Glos. GL14 3BQ.



Finally, Viz reader Geoffrey Cox is on a bit of a dinosaur hunt. But instead of hunting for dinosaurs, he's trying to trace a band called 'Another Cuba' who appeared in the Viz Top Ten four years ago. He would like to get in touch with the band or anyone who knows where they might be contacted. If you can help solve this real life dinosaur mystery, write to Geoffrey at 8 Oberstein Road, London SW8. Otherwise don't.



Send entries to the Viz Top Ten to us at P.O. Box 1PT, Newcastle upon Tyne, NE99 1PT. For administrative purposes we no longer require copies of your record, just money. State clearly the title of the record and name of the artist. Send a photo if you have one, preferably of the artist - although a ship would be nice too. Or butterflies. Anyway, send sterling currency cash only. For tax purposes we cannot accept cheques.

INSPECTOR MORSE AND HIS GLOVE PUPPET POLICE FORCE



AFTER BEING
THUNK DOWN
BY THE POLICE
FOR BEING TOO
SHORT AND
SIMPLE, 42
YEAR-OLD
SOCIAL MISFIT
CEORIC MORSE
DECIDED TO
SET UP A
POLICE FORCE
OF HIS VERY
OWN.
A POLICE FORCE
OF GLOVE
FASHIONED
GLOVE PUPPETS.

STORM COOD
POPS DEARY



NO THANKS MUR,
I NEED THE PAUL
FOR MY MORNING
BALEETING TO
THE FORCE.

BUT CERIC - YOU'RE SUPPOSED TO BE GOING
TO THE DAYCENTRE THIS MORNING, YOU WERE
GOING TO WEAVE AWE A TABLEAWE.



MOTHER, AS CHIEF INSPECTOR
OF THE GLOVE PUPPET POLICE
FORCE, I CAN'T TAKE MORNINGS
OFF WHATEV NILLY.

CAWNE DOESN'T STOP JUST BECAUSE
I'VE GOT TO GO TO THE DAYCENTRE.



MORNINGS AWE: 'BOUNT YOUR
BEAT WILL TAKE IN FIVESTER
HIGH STREET, ROUND THE BACK
OF THE LIBRARY - AND THEN
DOWN BARNITON ROAD AS
FAW AS THE ZEBRA CROSSING.



REMEMBER - KEEP YOUR POPS FEELER FOR
ANYTHINGS SUSPICIOUS - AND HEY - LET'S BE
CAREFUL OUT THERE.



SHORTLY...
CONSTABLE RIGHT - STOP THE TRAFFIC
TO ENABWE THIS OLD LADY TO CROSS
THE STREET.



HUNH?



VROOM!
WALLOP!



EXCUSE NGE NGADANG
DID YOU GET THE HUNGER
OF THAT CAR?



SHORTLY...
J.S. SMITH Jewellers.
'ELLO 'ELLO 'ELLO WHAT'S
GONING ON 'ERE THEN?



STOOK THIS IS
THE POLICE!
YOU'RE NICKED!



J.S. SMITH Jewellers.
CLON



HEH HEH
I SAY!
STOP THERE!



SHORTLY...
...YOU SEE KEE CEE
RIGHT - POLICE WORK
WASN'T JUST ABOUT
CATCHING VILAINS
I THINK IT'S TIME WE DID SOME
COMMUNITY KOLICING - CYCLING
KROFFICIENT LESSONS AT THE
KINGMARY SCHOOL FOR EWANGLE.
COME ON.



SO...
HELLO? POLICE? THERE'S
A PERVERT HANGING AROUND
THE BICYCLE SHEDS, TRYING TO LURE
THE CHILDREN WITH A PUPPET SHOW
AGAIN.



SHORTLY...
IN THERE, CERIC -
YOUR MUMWILL BE
HERE TO COLLECT YOU IN A
MINUTE.



WAIT A MINUTE -
LEFTY - I SNEAK
COCKIES
YEAH, LET'S
DO 'EM
OH NO
IT'S COUSIN DEREK
AND HIS GLOVE PUPPET
BADGES!



OOF! OUCH!
TAKE THAT, PUTH!

I'VE SEEN THE STARS

- and they're not

WORLD EXCLUSIVE

It's difficult for us to imagine that stars, just like ordinary people, use the toilet. Somehow we find it hard to believe that TV favourites such as Michael Aspel have wees and poos, and wipe their bottoms with toilet roll.

But like it or not, lavatories are as much a part of TV life as make-up and microphones. And one man who knows that only too well is Frank Crompton who for the last forty-two years has been lavatory attendant at the BBC television centre in London.

Rolls

Over the years, Frank has seen it all. And now, after being sacked in a storm of controversy over missing toilet rolls, he has decided to spill the beans on the stars who use the lavatory, and make public for the first time ever their filthy and disgusting toilet habits.

Baps

"On screen the stars look like a million dollars. But most of it is make-up and clever camera angles. When you see them with their pants round their ankles like I have, their faces screwed up in agony, and you hear the groan of relief as their stools plop into the water, there's nothing glamorous about them, I can tell you.

Jugs

The stars are well known for their extravagant behaviour. They eat well, they drink well, they party a lot, and when they have a turd - boy! Do they have one!

Melons

I'll never forget one log in particular (mainly because it wouldn't flush away, and I had to break its back with a lavatory brush). Anyway, this one was laid by a particularly well known star. I'll just call her Judith, as I doubt she'd appreciate me giving her full name. But I'll tell you what - there was nothing *Charming* about what she left in my toilet. It had curled itself round the bowl three times, and stank to high heaven. I felt like sending her a postcard saying 'Wish You Weren't Here'. The smell was so bad we had to close down the studio next door, and the following day the paint was peeling off the walls and ceiling.



Judith Chalmers

Funnily enough, it's the ladies who are worse than the fellas. What *don't* the birds chuck down the toilet, that's what I want to know. If I'd had a quid for every time I've had to stick my arm round the 'U' bend, in it up to my shoulder, just to pull out a clump of soggy tampons, I'd have a tanner by now. Probably.

Soup

One day the Director General rang me. He said someone had been flushing fag ends down the pan, and they'd caused a blockage somewhere in the pipes. As a result piss was dripping through the roof of the Blue Peter studio.

Garlic bread

That afternoon I saw smoke coming over the top of one of the cubicles, so I grabbed a fire extinguisher and kicked the door in. Surprise, surprise! There was Cilla Black sitting having a crafty cup of tea and a fag. I stopped her just before she threw the fag end down the toilet. "I'll have that", I said to her. It had a bit of a duck's arse on it, but she's a good lass Cilla. She'll always give you a drag on her ciggie.



Cilla - ciggies in the loo



Rippon - 'pebble dashed'

Another bird I recall for less pleasant reasons is Angela Rippon. Boy! Was I glad when she left the Nine O'Clock News. Every time I saw her coming I'd say "And now for the Nine O'Clock Poos!" You see, she was terrible with the nerves, and every evening at about five to nine she's come busting down the corridor, farting like a tractor.

Steak sandwich

It would be ungentlemanly of me to go into any further detail. Suffice to say that when she'd finished it looked like someone had been in and pebble-dashed half the bloody cubicle. By, it took some getting off, that did. In the end I had to get a hosepipe and jet the whole place out with water.

Erm...

There was one or two well behaved stars who'd leave the place as they found it. The magician Ali Bongo was one, but how he did it I'll never know.

Dump

One day he popped in for a quick dump during rehearsals for his show. I know it was him 'cos I looked under the cubicle door and recognised his curly slippers. Anyway, he must have had a massive turd, cos I heard the sound it made when it hit the water. My first thought was 'I hope the flush shifts that bastard - 'cos I don't fancy doing it with a brush'.

Next thing I knew he got up and left, no wiping, no flushing - no sound at all. I thought 'Here we go - another mess for Yours Truly to clean up'. But when I got into the cubicle, I couldn't believe my eyes. It was as clean as a whistle. Nothing in the pan, and no mess at all.

Tip

This happened several times. Every time he'd lay a log, then leave without flushing it. But there was never anything in the toilet.

Hygiene is very important specially when you work in a lavatory. So I would wash my hands every day when got home from work. But some of the stars didn't seem so bothered.

Summon

I remember one occasion we ran out of loo roll. I was coming up to lunch time and I knew a lot of stars would probably fancy a shit during their dinner break. So I popped out to the shop to get some paper.



No.1 FOR STORIES ABOUT THE STARS' COCKS

So the next time he came in I peeped over the top of the next cubicle to see what was going on.

Insult

What I saw was the most amazing thing I've ever seen happen in a toilet - and I've seen a few, I can tell you! There was Ali Bongo standing sprinkling his magic waffle dust over an enormous glistening log that was so big it was practically climbing out of the pan. Then suddenly POOF! It disappeared in a puff of smoke. To this day, I've never worked out how he did it.

Hail

Anyway, he then proceeded to walk straight out without washing his hands. Five minutes later I saw him tucking into a 'starter for ten' in the BBC canteen - with his fingers.



reveals all

STARS' COCKS

My big, I can tell you

Some big-hearted stars made working in a lavatory fun, and I'd always look forward to visits from cheery multi-talented big C all clear tap dancing trumpet player Roy Castle. Music's in his blood, and he'd always sing while he had a dump after filming 'Record Breakers'.



Roy - Big heart

"Defecation. Defecation. Defecation - that's what you need." Those were the words he'd use. And he'd always play a little tune on his trumpet too. At least I think it was his trumpet!

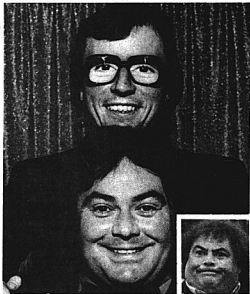
On one occasion Roy must have produced a 'Record Breaker' himself. He dashed out of the cubicle, and told me not to flush it. Then he came rushing back with Norris McWhirter and a tape measure.

Rolling

That might have been a big one, but I think the record goes to Stewart Hall from 'It's A Knockout'. One day he produced a specimen which was a knockout - quite literally. One whiff of it and I was gone! When I eventually regained consciousness we called in his old pal Arthur Ellis with his Halifax Brewery dipstick to measure the water displacement.

Gall

While number twos are always the most exciting, it's the everyday number ones which are a toilet attendant's bread and butter. Mopping up the piss was a never ending task. Of course, as I cleaned the floor I couldn't help but get a glimpse of the stars' cocks. And just like the stars themselves, their cocks come in all shapes and sizes. A fine example being Little and Large.



Little and Large (above) - Large (below) and Little (above). Jimmy Nail (below) - Large nose, little cock. And (inset, above, below, right) Little and Large's Large pulls a face.

One day they popped in for a piss during a break from recording their great comedy show. And when I looked over their shoulders, I got quite a surprise. I'll tell you what - the names are right - 'Little and Large'. But with no disrespect to Eddie Large, I think someone got them the wrong way round!

Cheek

Thursday evenings were always busy, 'cos I'd get the Top Of The Pops crowd in. Come to think of it, I must be the envy of every bird in Britain. 'Cos there's not one pop star's cock I haven't seen. Mind, some of 'em you have to try pretty hard to see at all. Like 'Microscopic' Mick Hucknall out of Simply Red. Don't worry girls - you aren't missing much there, I can tell you.

Hole

Jimmy Nail is another one who doesn't live up to expectations. I don't think 'Nail' was a particularly good choice of surname. 'Half-Inch Panel Pin' would have been more appropriate, from what I saw.



Of course, it's not only the stars who have tiny tickles. A lot of the high ups at the BBC - like the Director General - are short of a few inches in that department. And I suspect that jealousy may have been partly to blame for my recent dismissal. They said it was because I'd stolen some toilet rolls - but I'd only borrowed them. I was planning to bring them back the following day.

Rap

I think the real reason is my dead big cock. Frankly, I don't think the egotistical stars or the snobby bosses at the BBC could handle someone working in the toilet with a much bigger cock than them.??

TV NOEL GOTCHA'D!

Edmonds caught in 'Moon monkey' sting

A host of gullible TV celebrities - among them House Party star Noel Edmonds - have lost money to a cheeky con man wearing a false beard and claiming to be the Prince of Wales.

The trickster, who is wanted by police for fraud, approached several wealthy showbusiness stars in 1992, and told them he was raising funds to send a rocket to the moon. He smooth talked them into believing that Russian experimental space monkeys, launched into orbit during the sixties, were now trapped on the Moon, and £10 million was needed to build a rocket to take them bananas.



TV Noel yesterday - Moon monkey mercy mission

MONKEYS

Noel was touched by the apparent plight of the monkeys, and from the Crinkley bottom of his heart he handed over several million pounds towards the moon monkey mission. Indeed, he even offered to drive the space rocket which was due to take off next year. But shortly after being handed £5 million for 'rocket parts', the mystery man disappeared, leaving Noel and a host of other stars, including David Bowie, out of pocket.

BEATLES

The police yesterday issued a warning to all stars, telling them to beware of anyone claiming to be the Prince of Wales, and to exercise caution whenever dealing with unusual requests for large sums of cash.



Yes, we have no bananas - a monkey similar to those 'trapped on the moon'.

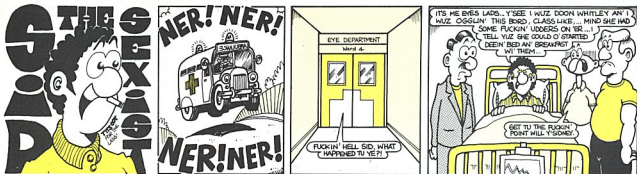
Edmonds is by no means the first star to be easily parted from his money. In 1988 pop star Sting - real name Mr G. Sting - handed over a box containing £12 million cash to a man with a false moustache who claimed that Martian rain forests were being cut down by aliens from another galaxy. Mr Sting was told that the cash was needed to launch a campaign to save the Martian space trees, and bring a Martian back to Earth to go on chat shows.

POLOS

But after being given the money the man jumped into his car and drove off.

U2 JOKE





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